The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 6.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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The Wellesley Prelude.

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ART in its nobler forms has had its recognized place as contributive to the higher interests of civilization. But such art as this requires genius, a gift rarely bestowed. The lower forms and applications, quite within the scope of ordinary talent, have an appreciable value in the scheme of popular education which has but recently been recognized. Our schools of design, art exhibitions, the quantity of our printed art criticisms, as well as the introduction of art study in the curricula of our schools and colleges, are ample witnesses to the newly awakened interest in art education and to the prevalence of the opinion of its value. We say newly awakened interest because the nineteenth century cannot boast of originating the idea, since Plato was fully alive to its importance and thought it necessary for the well being of his model republic that the youth who were to be its guardians should be trained to an appreciation of the beautiful as a road to the practice of the good.

The subject of art education may be viewed in two distinct lights; it may be regarded aesthetically or practically, though the two terms are not necessarily opposed to each other. Plato viewed it aesthetically, but considered it exceedingly practical.

The cultivation of the artistic spirit, art education aesthetically considered, is brought about amongst a people by the instrumentality of art museums and exhibitions, by placing before them the beautiful creations of master spirits, and by offering to every one the opportunity of seeing and studying the beautiful. The ennobling power of beauty has ever been recognized and the influence of the truly beautiful in the cultivation of the artistic spirit may be readily seen. Though art be neither aristocratic nor democratic, wherever the artistic spirit is developed it is accompanied by a feeling of fraternity overcoming rank distinctions and social barriers. The true artist though he be of royal blood, will grasp in common friendship the hand of his artist brother no matter how low his social station. The artistic spirit is a great equalizer, humbling those that are exalted and raising up those that are bowed down until they meet on the level of common humanity in a common interest and love for the beautiful. Art and religion go hand in hand, and it is in the illustration of religion that art has reached its greatest heights and given to the world its greatest wonders. There is in the artistic spirit nothing out of harmony with the spirit of purest devotion; indeed the constant study of the beauty in nature, the models from which the greatest creative artist must copy, arouses of necessity the truest reverence for the Supreme Wisdom and for the Creator of such a nature.

The spirit of commerce and trade is the best helper and kindest friend of the fine arts, yet the spirit of commerce is directly opposed to the spirit of art. This brings us to art education considered practically, for the strongest argument to some minds for the value of art education comes through the recognition of its value from a business standpoint. To claim for art an elevating and refining

influence and to maintain that the prominent position it holds is a factor in intellectual development, would have with many far less weight than claiming it as a source of commercial influence and wealth. The demand is rapidly increasing for labor in various occupations requiring some knowledge of the principles of art or of taste, knowledge within the scope of ordinary ability. The training of men and women for this work is in a measure provided for by the teaching of drawing in the public schools, where the talent of the pupil and interest displayed in the work will discover to himself and others his fitness for the further cultivation of his powers in this direction.

But aside from the mere commercial value of art education the technical study affords certain mental training afforded by no other study in like degree, and thus is an efficient aid in meeting the ordinary demands of life. It develops the powers of observation, and the analytical and synthetical qualities in a marvelous manner. It encourages accuracy and attention to detail, at the same time never losing sight of the great whole to whose perfection all parts bear a vital relation.

No education is considered complete without the knowledge of the art of Literature, without familiarity with the works of the world's great literary artists. May not the study of art from the aesthetic stand-point be compared to the study of Literature as it is popularly understood, and the study of art technically or practically be compared to the study of Rhetoric, a knowledge of which, recognized or unconscious, is at the basis of all literary art? Viewed thus, the importance of art education, to say nothing of its desirability, will be felt, and its place duly acknowledged in all well rounded education.

Ethel Paton, '89.

Fix this in your mind as the guiding principle of all right, practical labor, and source of all healthful life energy,—that your art is to be the praise of something you love. It may be only the praise of a shell or a stone; it may be the praise of a hero; it may be the praise of God; your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love; but be you small or great, what healthy art is possible to you must be the expression of your true delight in a real thing better than your art.—*Ruskin.*

THE TRUTH OF ART.

(*From the Springfield Republican*, '81.)

Say not, the rapt musician's strain,
The painter's brush, the poet's pen,
Tell idle tales for idle men,
And mock with dreams the hearts in pain.

No! the responsive artist-life
Quivers to all life everywhere;—
Aches with the weight of human care,
And drinks from bitter waves of strife.

Only the artist's quickened sense
Hears, through the abyss of grief and wrong,
Far echoes of a primal song,
Sees glimmers of a light intense.

And thus, not ignorant, but free
From earth's despair, he truly tells
The discords of our jangling bells;
But under all, God's harmony.

Yea, e'en if through some dire mischance
His own hopes fail, his eyes grow dim,—
God's truth shines out, unknown to him,
Through his art's mystery, to our glance.

The saddest song is music still;
The saddest scene is wisdom's school;
The saddest life is beautiful,
As rounded by the Eternal Will.

Marion Pelton Guild, '80.

THE STETSON COLLECTION.

Upon entering the gallery of the new Art Building, the first impression is a delightful one; for, in in glancing rapidly over the paintings on the walls, one has the pleasant sensation of assurance that the most cultivated taste and feeling will not be hurt by a closer examination:—and that means a great deal—for the paintings are many and of various subjects and artists.

This collection is, indeed, the generous gift of a most generous friend. There is not a single uninteresting or worthless picture among them. Many of them are very fine and of rare artistic value.

All who are interested in the Art School are benefited by them, and they must always prove a great enjoyment and a source of inspiration to the students. Many a grateful thought will go out to the kind giver, though he may never know it; but he will know that he has gladdened many a heart, and

that the inspirations derived from his gift will arouse and strengthen new efforts in the study of Art.

Of the figure pieces, the centre picture on the left wall (entering the gallery) first attracts our attention. It is "The Bedouin Chief" by Schreyer. We are all familiar with his subjects, but each new painting we see fascinates us anew, by merit of its individuality and daring treatment. The craggy rocks, the fiery muscular horses, the bold picturesque riders, impart a feeling of wild freedom.

Here, the two riders are pursued; they are flying, but without haste, for we see by their look of hate and determination, by the strained muscles of hands and arms, by the whole attitude of their bodies, that they are ready to meet their enemies —ready to fight,—perhaps, to die—but never to surrender. The horses are one with them, physically and spiritually. The same determination and fierceness, the same muscular action.

Their hurried steps are certain and safe, though on such perilous ground. The whole picture is harmonious in every respect. The technique, which is bold and daring, seems to be the natural means of expressing the artist's idea; for only through such sensitive drawing and bold unerring touches could the painter give life and form to his conception. The colors, though brilliant, are low in tone, yet rich and satisfying.

The second of the figure pieces is "Hungarian Gypsies" by Bohm. It represents this people in their best mood and is a rich fine painting. These men, women, and children are as real as perfect drawing and natural coloring can make them: yet they are, in a peculiar way, idealized. We like these dusky-skinned, good-natured wanderers, whose very rags are picturesque.

The group at the entrance of the hut is realistic and portrays more truly the gypsies we have met in real life.

The technique is excellent, the flesh tints warm and velvety, and the accessories all admirably painted. This picture will win many friends.

Dupré's "The Harvester's Repast" I consider one of the finest of the whole collection. The repose of sky and field has settled upon the figures of three peasants, who halt a little while to rest and enjoy their simple meal. The sun is high in the sky, and seems to halt also before rushing into night. It is a harvest day in mid-summer, the air is glimmering, and nature seems satisfied with the results of her labor. It is a very realistic picture, painted broadly, simply and honestly, yet with such tender thought and love that the eye lingers and lingers and our hearts open in sympathy to these simple peasants.

The picture is idealized, though in a different sense from the former, and yet it is perfectly true to nature.

Less attractive, although of certain merit, are two paintings, "The Painter-Rubens and his Contemporaries" by Lesrel, and "Jealousy" by Harlovski. The first interests us only as a study of Rubens and his time; the second, as a study of color. If the figures in the latter were drawn and painted with the same skill as their surroundings, it would hold our attention longer.

Among the smaller of the figure pieces is Loeverenz' picture of a lovely child and a fine large dog watching the fire on a hearth, which fascinates us, winning our love and holding it, by force of the exquisite tenderness of its subject. This painting is refinement itself in feeling, drawing and coloring. We love this little girl at once, and the brown dog as well, who is just as interested and intent as his little human friend.

The drawing is graceful and faultless and the softness of light and shade, wonderful: altogether, it is a graceful charming painting. Unfortunately, it hangs too high to be enjoyed to one's heart's content.

"Le Marchand de Parapli" by Clyford Greyson, is just as simple and is full of tender humour. The earnestness of it is touching.

"Un Fichu Temps" by the same artist has the same qualities in color and light but it is less "cosey." The technique of both is simple and honest. A masterpiece in drawing and coloring, is the street scene by Kowalsky, evidently a Polish episode. The many and minute details have not detracted from the broadness, and it is painted with perfect knowledge of the anatomy of man and beast and of the construction of armor. The painting is teeming with outdoor atmosphere; it surrounds the figures and their outlines again melt into it. It repays the most careful study.

A nice miniature is the picture by Schill, "The Artist's Studio," of a monk looking at a picture on an easel; but the other monk, by Stanick, attracts us more surely. This painting excels the other in almost everything. It is finer in color and just as broadly handled. This healthy jovial monk wins our kindly feeling, though he is less "prim" than the former. His face is full of animation and shines with good nature. He is harmless and his big bumper,may after all, be filled with only water. His face and hands are a perfect study, anatomically as true to life as in color and expression.

The last, but not least, is the miniature by Jiminez of a very old man, reaching up to a shelf for a book. The light, or better, twilight, is its masterly point. It has proved no obstacle to the artist, and the poor old man stands there as well modeled and rounded out as if strong light and shade had assisted the painter. The picture has the atmosphere of a library, with all its mustiness and dustiness, and the men look like book-worms. The two in the back ground are devouring the contents of some big folios.

A reddish brown and a cool gray seem, at first sight, to be the only colors, but it is full of rich tints which all blend and harmonize beautifully.

[*Continued.*]

Ida Bothe.

MIST.

Spirit of Mist!
Thou hast hidden away
In thy long skirts of grey
Both mountain and sky;
Yon Sun's golden eye
Shines never for thee;
By the wayside the tree,
With autumn winds torn,
In thy soft arms is borne,
Drifting out of my sight,—
While I watch the black night
Yield under thy spell.
Thou its darkness can quell,
Spirit of Mist!

Nancy K. Foster.

My imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention.—*Charles Dickens.*

ON HALLOWE'EN.

There once lived in the same village a young man, a maiden and an old philosopher. For some time past the youth and the maiden had had eyes for little but each other; still, they were aware of the philosopher's existence, and even sometimes spoke of him: this was always to pity him for his loneliness, which seemed to them now very dreadful.

But the old man was as unconscious of them as he would have been incredulous at their pity. When his cat, kept for strictly scientific purposes, left her work of electrifying to chew up three of his best planorbites and drank the milk on which he was depending for his lactic acid,—then indeed he could have appreciated pity; he would have wept then, if he had not used all his tears one day when the brine for the condenser had given out. But that any one should pity him for being lonely, he simply could not have understood. That is, he could not until a certain day at the end of October. Then he did begin to pine for company; but company of such a kind that in general the more we have of it the lonelier we feel. For the spirits who come out on Hallowe'en are abroad in the daytime too, preparing for their festivities; and after eighty-nine years of patient waiting they were now really indignant that this mortal had never bestowed a thought on them; spirits are unusually modest, but they did consider themselves sufficiently tricksy, fickle and uncertain to command the respectful attention of any philosopher. So one of them stole into his blissful morning dream of a dytometerum, and effectually cleared his brain of everything but an intense desire to see spirits, observe spirits, classify spirits,—put him altogether in such a state that by sunset his self-rating chronometer told him he could survive just nine hours longer without seeing a spirit.

It was at just this time that the maiden, whose name shall be to us Angelica, told her lover he must expect to pass the remainder of *his* existence, from that very moment, without seeing *her*. He was astonished; half an hour before prospects had looked very different. Then, à propos of the usual gathering of young folk to celebrate the Hallowe'en, at which ceremony both expected to be present,

had arisen a discussion as to the existence of spirits. This doctrine the youth was rash enough to deny, and even laughed at its fond believers. Alas for him! His statements provoked merely sweet dissent, but laughter—that awoke the little imp Argument, and he grew to a Conclusion which we may well believe seemed to the poor youth monstrous—that harsh decree. "But do you believe in them?" he stammered, looking in a dazed way at his watch.

"I did not say that," replied Angelica, who was strictly orthodox. "But there can be no idealism in one who scoffs at these—these things. Life with such a man would be simply *sordid*."

So it came to pass that when the philosopher in desperation rushed out of his hermitage and down the road, he met the maiden, walking with stately steps and well poised head. For a moment he thought his wish granted; the sunset light clung about her, and she was quite pale; soon, however, he saw that she was but a mortal maiden. Yet with the recognition sprung up hope, and he voiced it at once.

"Fair maid," he said, "I have been possessed all my life with a consuming desire to see a spirit." (He was not mendacious, either, this poor philosopher, but thoroughly believed what he said.) "Now I have found in the course of my researches"—another little slip, for the elf had whispered it in his ear that morning—"that to pure maidens who, holding a glass in hand, take nine steps backward, the spirits of their future husbands appear on Hallowe'en. I beseech you to show me this vision; it is my last hope; if I see not a spirit this night, I must die!"

At his request the maiden had frowned at first, and cast a suspicious glance around; but no one was in sight, and another look at the gray-haired philosopher, and his last words made her smile with pity.

"Gladly," she answered, "would I do anything to ease you. But to-night—the young people expect me to-night; I hardly know how I could avoid them. And then—not that I mean to deny the existence of spirits,"—and here she spoke firmly and loud, "but are you sure, father, they will appear thus? I myself," blushing a little, "have done what you spoke of, and never saw anything."

The philosopher looked dashed. "Was there no disturbing cause?" he inquired finally, with a gleam of hope.

"Yes, I do remember that once my candle went out; and once—once one of the company stole in and attempted to play the spirit's part."

"Enough to fright away the offended apparition for a year!" cried the philosopher exultantly. "It is evident you have never made fair observations; and I—I may die with this phenomenon unobserved. Will you not save me from such a fate? Will you not come to the forest to-night and show me this vision?"

What could the maiden do but consent? He was in such pitiful earnest. As to the outcome she would not think: it might be—the philosopher was certainly very learned, and what a triumph over scoffers if it were really true that—but in any case the old man would be soothed. And in truth it would be agreeable to herself to escape the merry company, for which she was in no mood. She would go and show herself among them, for her absence was sure to be remarked by all, and worse than that, by one; but when it was her turn to do this very thing, she would in due form walk into the bare field and then speed to the forest. No one looking at the old man's earnestness could fear anything from him.

It was dark and still in the forest that night, a traveler on the road would have said. So it seemed to Angelica, as she came running in among the trees, all flushed with the haste she had made. More than half inclined to laugh at herself she felt, for the wildness of this venture, and altogether in a far more skeptical mood than was at all consistent. Then the leaves began to glisten in the dull gray light, and rustled to and fro, though there was no breeze. It was the elves, peeping from behind them, pushing them one side to peer curiously at her, vaulting and skipping among the branches. They were all assembled in this open circle, for right well did the busy schemers know they were to expect guests that night. There was that snap of cold in the air which brings out these brisk little people, and sends the milder fairies away to sleep till next midsummer. Slowly the warmth died from the girl's cheeks, and the laughter from her heart.

Around her she saw nothing but dim forms of bush and tree; above, only the pale sky broken through

by a few struggling stars; yet she shivered with something other than cold, and would have liked to stop her ears against the the strange sounds that filled them.

Gladly she welcomed the sight of the philosopher, pushing through the bushes from his watching place. And now arose a difficulty; the mirror she held in her hand, but all tradition said the charm would work only if performed by the maiden alone; so of what avail after all would it be to the old man? Any one else might have been daunted; but it is not for nothing one is a philosopher. He had a dozen tests by which he could detect the presence of a spirit in the atmosphere, and that was all he required; given a sure foundation like this there were no results he might not attain.

So he disappeared again among the bushes, and Angelica was left doubly alone. Oh, those wicked elves! surely they might have spared this devoted believer the frights they give mortals. But they jeered and chattered, and filled her with a fear much worse than if even the most uncouth of them had been visible. They slid down the branches and tripped in the grass at her feet; one swung from a vine and blew a tiny web of her hair across her neck making her start and almost scream. All the pleasing fancies she had dreamed fled away and only awesome thoughts came. She remembered the story of the child who had strayed away into this forest and never been found; whose little lost spirit, the legends said, wandered here on this night. Then came pride, though by this time he was shrunk to a very puny spirit, who could have been worsted by the smallest elf there, and knew it. By the help of his feeble strength, however, she took those nine faltering steps backward, and looked in the mirror. Only the dark reflection of the sky seemed to fill it. She was about to drop it with a sigh of relief, when, oh horror! from the grayness formed a face no less gray, yet clear, and gazing steadily at her. She stood fascinated till it was distinct to her eyes, and then threw her arms desperately back. They touched only air! Then she found her voice, and shrieked aloud. "Oh, I don't want to see a spirit! Oh, if Jack were only here himself, I'd never—."

The philosopher was on the spot by this time, with six tests unbottled; but they were not needed, for at this juncture the spirit became plainly visible, as clearly outlined as the maiden whom he clasped in his arms; perhaps even more so, for her face was quite hidden.

"My life is saved!" cried the philosopher, and fell to jotting down observations with a zeal which was in no wise abated when he advanced to the stage of handling, and recorded, "Characteristic, —Solidity of texture."

"How could you?" murmured Angelica. "But oh, I'm so thankful you did. I should have died if you hadn't."

"My darling, I didn't, I'm completely converted. One of your own spirits gave it all away to me, and told me to be on hand. They brought me here, and I was just going to step out without frightening you when the old fellow went off and you began. Just as you reached here one of the imps gave my head a shove forward that brought it into focus; I was about to knock *his* for his impudence, and all the more when I saw them cling to your hand and pull it aside; it was in a direct line for me, and bound to hit. But now I forgive everybody, and if spirits don't come under that head I'll specify them. Are you satisfied? I'm a converted man, I assure you, and believe in spirits of every color."

The maidens reply was lost in the gleeful clamor of the young people who came trooping across the field in pursuit and burst upon them. But the philosopher's delight was never lost; his observations furnished him material for speculation and classification during the remainder of his life; and from the fact that he had always an opportunity of seeing his spirit and the one who evoked it together, we may infer that the work of the elves was not in vain.

Charlotte Halsey, '90.

OUR LETTER FROM ATHENS.

(*Continued.*)

Here there is the original form of the theatre, a circular orchestra backed with the high proscenium, the stage-buildings, which were covered in the rear by a stately portico, serving for adornment, and for shelter in case of a storm.

Returning to the orchestra, we have no difficulty in deciding that the imperfectly filled pavement of blue and white marble is late work. By this same test of perfect workmanship the deep stone-lined couduit surrounding the orchestra is clearly Greek, and originally

open, only bridged by slabs opposite each flight of steps in the auditorium. The Romans covered this channel over entirely, and then round the outer edge set up a wall of thin slabs, breast-high, so that the orchestra became now an enclosed place, which could be used for gladiatorial combats or perhaps even miniature naval battles. We must not linger in the auditorium, though the marble chairs of priests and dignitaries surrounding the orchestra are quite comfortable enough to tempt one to do so. The admirable preservation of these chairs, and the entire lower, *cavea* of seats is owing to the protecting earth which buried the theatre completely during the Middle Ages, and was not removed till some twenty-five years ago. On the edge of the gray stone seats one must not omit to observe the vertical lines recurring at intervals of thirteen inches or a trifle less, and serving evidently to mark off the space allowed to each person. One is led to infer that the Greek of the classic age must have been as small as his modern namesake, Certainly the space proved sadly inadequate for an average Englishman and American, who proceeded to test it at one of Dr. Dörpfeld's lectures!

When one is past the great retaining wall of the theatre he comes to the precinct of Asclepios, whose worship was brought hither from Epidaurus. Here in the face of the Acropolis rock is a grotto with a spring and before it the remains of a long portico where the sick used to sleep, awaiting the healing dreams sent by the god. Beyond is the gathering-place of the divinities, Aphrodite, Themis, Demeter, Ge, and certain fountain-nymphs having all had temples here, whose foundations can in some places be traced, in others have disappeared. One must walk warily here among the heaps of stones, for the mouths of cisterns yawn all about. These cisterns are a curious study in themselves, showing every species of construction; some being cut in the solid rock, some—but these are rare—of large, well-joined stones, showing Greek workmanship, some of curving, beautifully-fitted tiles, and the majority, probably Turkish, of small bricks and plastered rubble. All this, be it said, is on a high terrace at the foot of the rock, and below us stretches a long portico,—once clothed in marble, but now stripped to its sandstone core,—the gift of a liberal king of Pergamas to Athens. Then closing the slope at the western end as the Dionysiac theatre at the eastern is the great Odeum of Herodes Atticus, the gift also of a generous lover of the city, only this time a private citizen. It is perhaps the most picturesque ruin in Athens, this great, marble-seated theatre, lying cool and shadowy on the brightest day behind its towering front wall of orange-brown stone, pierced with rows of arched openings. This wall is explained by the fact that, like the earlier Odeum of Pericles, the building was roofed.

We are now at the western or entrance-end of the Acropolis, and above our heads workmen are busily tearing away the remnants of Turkish walls and bastions which once formed a strong defence at this accessible point. I must confess that I rather regret the entire disappearance of these interesting memorials of the Acropolis' later history. But the archæologist has it all his own way here, and the historian and the artist must step aside, should their claims conflict with his. This was illustrated by the removal of the Frankish tower, which once rose picturesquely at the corner of the Propylaea, and dated, as its name indicates, from the occupation of the Acropolis by the Frankish dukes of Athens. Mr. Freeman, the historian, gave vent to a protest couched in the rather vigorous language he can use on occasion, but it was of no avail. The tower came down, and Athens lost a fine land-mark, but the archæologist recovered the whole south wing of the Propylaea. In similar fashion the tiny temple of Athena Nike—popularly called Nike Apteros—was rescued stone by stone from a great battery into which it had been built by the Turks, and was restored to its position on a bastion projecting boldly out in front of the Propylaea. It is fairly perfect and very beautiful still, although naturally rather defaced by its rough usage.

Around the foot of the bastion it is supposed that the road passed by which the processions entered the Acropolis, and on the surface of the rock are a series of deep hollows worn, as some say, by the horses. Be that as it may, the road-bed has long since disappeared, and one climbs now by a flight of steps to the great Propylaea, which still with its deep, chambered gateway and broad wings, forms a noble entrance to the Acropolis.

It is usually a sufficient task for the archaeologist to determine the original form of a building, but here one can read curiously enough from the stones, as plainly as if they were inscribed with words, not merely what the architect did do, but exactly what he intended to do, had not his plans been interfered with. A pillar here, a socket for a roof-beam there, a slanting cut in a cornice, say mutely that the south wing was to have equalled in size the Pinacothek on the north, and certain great open porticoes were to fill the spaces in the rear. And even the central building was never finished wholly, as close looking will show.

For such lovers of beautiful jointing were the Greeks that they did not cut their marble blocks with sharp curves lest, in the laying, bits of the edges might be clipped off, but instead bevelled the edge of one block very slightly and fitted its inner surface perfectly to its neighbor, and then, when the whole wall was completed, they planed down the entire surface till the joints were like hair-lines! Only a little of this planing

was ever done, but where it was, the thinnest knife-blade could not be forced between the stones.

There are traces of the Propylaea's later history too on its walls; long rows of unsightly holes showing where floor beams were inserted to make the Propylaea a palace for the Frankish dukes of Athens, and a blackened wall and shattered columns where a Turkish powder-magazine blew up, not only a part of the building, but also the unhappy family of the Aga who with true Turkish fatality were living just over the powder!

Once through the deep gate-way, the bare rock of the Acropolis rises before us with gentle slope, to where on the right hand the Parthenon stands in its massive Doric simplicity, and on the left the Erechtheum with its slender Ionic lines. The poor old Acropolis has been excavated and scraped till it seems as though every ounce of earth on its surface must have been passed through the archæologist's sieve. Every wall, stair-case and foundation has been laid bare, and every bit of sculptured stone, bronze and pottery, has been collected. All this has resulted in many interesting and valuable discoveries, but the artistic effect on the Acropolis is hardly happy, for it seems nearly denuded of earth, and the workmen have an unfortunate trick of leaving the miscellaneous blocks of marble arranged in such regular lines as to suggest a stone-mason's yard.

But Nature is not easily discouraged even by excavators and wherever a morsel of soil is left in the crevices of the rock, the radiant lovliness of leaves and blossoms break forth. Every stone that had lain undisturbed through the winter was set this spring in the thickest framework of feathery-leaved daisies, deep green mallow-leaves, orange marigolds and sunny yellow cruciter. Now there are blood-red poppies too, (supplemented, alas too often, by the blood-red Baedeker!)

Once more some vague efforts are being made toward restoring the Parthenon. The powder-magazine ignited by the Venetian cannon during the siege of 1687, blew up the central part of the temple, so that when viewed from the city below it looks like two structures. It would be a wonderful gain if these columns, or part of them, could be restored to their place, and it is by no means impossible, for many of the great drums lie as they fell two centuries ago, recently they have been arranged in order and one sees that at least five of the twelve massive columns of the outer colonnade could be restored entirely, and the others in part. Only if the work is to be like the sorry patching done by the Bavarian Von Kleuze in King Otho's reign, seen in one extraordinary column fabricated of bricks and marble, all will prefer to have the Parthenon left as it is. But why should not *one* Greek temple be restored with the same minute and exquisite care as a statue? And what one could this be but the Parthenon? I know that this is dangerous ground to tread upon, both from the risk of saying too much and of being thought a mere echoer of conventional ideas, but I wish to record it as my deliberate conviction arrived at after a daily companionship of six months, that if in all Greece there were nothing but the Acropolis, and on the Acropolis nothing but the Parthenon, it would be worth, shattered and mained as its beauty is, the entire journey.

Behind the Parthenon, its foundations sunk so deeply that its low roof rises little above the rock, is the museum where all the exhumed art-treasures of the Acropolis have been collected. It is a collection unique in its way like the place itself, with works illustrative of every period of Athenian art-history. The peculiar treasure of the museum is doubtless its archaic sculptures. They have a variety found in no other work of the same period, and show how the artistic greatness of Athens was a plant of early and gradual growth.

Perhaps the earliest work are some groups carved in the yellow Piræus sand-stone, which represent seemingly a series of conflicts betweeen the gods and giants, and adorned, perhaps, the gables of some of the early temples. Here is a triple-bodied serpent-monster, each of its bodies crowned by a man's head. What coarsely, but vigorously modelled faces! with deep-sunken eyes, wide-open lids, staring balls whose iris, was once of inlaid stone, full cheeks and thick, sharp-edged lips. The whole has a fairly startling life-likeness of expression, aided by the profuse and brilliant coloring. The hair and beard are bright blue in one, green in another, and red in a third, while the serpent-bodies are striped with red and blue.

Opposite is another huge serpent with scales of red and green. By it, kneels a muscular figure engaged in deadly contest, and again we find the same rude vigor. You can almost see the strokes of the chisel in the soft stone and the muscles are exaggerated, but the action is full of life and force. *Emily Norcross*, '80.

(*Continued.*)

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,—
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.—*Blake.*

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our own sins become the worst kind of sacrilege, which tears down the invisible altar of trust.—*George Eliot.*

THE WEEK.

PRESIDENT WARREN of Boston University, preached on Sunday, October 20th. His theme was "My Church," in the text, Matt. 16: 18:—"And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

* * *

ALL the attractions of a charming October afternoon did not hinder the thronging of a goodly number, Saturday, October 19th, at four o'clock, to hear from Mr. Lawton of Cambridge, an account of the proposed excavations at Delphi. Mr. Lawton said that the Greek genius had the first chance to express itself, and applied the laws of artistic creation, simplicity, truth and beauty. The Renaissance and subsequent revival of learning have tended to consign the achievements of the ancients to oblivion, but each generation cannot afford to forget the past. The formation of the Archaeological Society was due to the feeling that the material monuments of the ancient world, "die Relien," had been neglected in the advance in philology and literature. The Greeks united the thought within and the visible token without, and this union of what cannot be separated was the idea of the Archaeological Institute of America. Charles Eliot Norton, who first thought the plan possible believed that the moral character of a race reveals itself more in the plastic arts than in literature. The Institute has from the first been devoted to classical life, having as its seal, "Virun monumenta priorum." The school in Athens is the favorite child of the Institute. It has been carried on for seven years, and a fund of between $50,000 and $100,000 has been raised for its support. It is designed to foster the study of ancient art, architecture, topography. Its library is open to intelligent Americans, and Athens, as a literary and social centre of Europe, offers special advantages for study. The pupils of the school carry on special or general study, and one or two have undertaken explorations at their own expense. The Delphi excavations were thus begun, and through the rejection of French treaties made to secure the privilege, the way is open to the American School to continue the work, if an adequate sum can be raised. Arrangements must be made with the modern village, which is built on the ancient temple-site, to have their two hundred and fifty buildings taken down. In the terrace-walks about the picturesque spot more than seven hundred inscriptions have been already deciphered. The ground-plan of the temple can be traced, from the color of its stone, when the excavations have begun. In the time of Pliny, more than three thousand statues and votive offerings were there. The importance of Delphi, as the seat of the Amphyctionic Council, and of the chief temple and oracle of Apollo, whither offerings from many nations were brought, was mentioned. Greece should be the permanent repository of the world for these treasures, that they be preserved in its dry climate. The treasures are not to be owned by the Americans, but kept at Delphi. It is hoped that traces of the ancient theatre and of other buildings, and many more dedicatory monuments and inscriptions may be found, and that thus a flood of light may be shed upon the life of that illustrious people.

* * *

AFTER waiting two weeks for pleasant weather the Concord party started off in spite of the rain last Monday morning. We saw our first "object of historical interest" when on the outskirts of the town of Sudbury, for here we passed by the tree under which the tired soldiers rested when on their way to Concord to join in the first battle there. At Walden Pond we stopped a few minutes to look about in the woods, and each one of us found a stone to add to the rough monument which visitors to this spot are raising in remembrance of Thoreau. In the centre of the town of Concord stands the public library building. Here we all crowded eagerly around the case that holds the manuscript of "Little Women." This was the chief object of interest for us, although the library contains other interesting and valuable documents and manuscripts. We caught a glimpse of the Old Manse where Emerson and Hawthorne lived and wrote, and then went to "Sleepy Hollow" where Emerson, Miss Alcott and Hawthorne are buried. We drove down to the bridge where the statue of the Minute Man marks the spot of the first battle between the British and American troops. At Wright's Inn, a little old-fashioned tavern, we had a most excellent lunch, and then rested a while before beginning the second part of our day's journey. About three o'clock we started out for the most enjoyable part of our trip. We visited the School of Philosophy and the homes of Miss Alcott and Nathaniel Hawthorne. In the Alcott house we went into Amy's room and crowded around the doors and windows, where the woodwork is covered with sketches by the hand of the artist sister. Her work is seen also in Jo's room where a soft, sleepy little owl is painted above the fire-place, and a panel of flowers over by the desk where Miss Alcott used to sit and write. Near the Alcott house, a few steps farther back on the hill, stands the School of Philosophy. A short

distance from these two buildings stands the old home of Hawthorne. The study is a light pleasant room, and its walls are covered with frescoes which, with a memorial inscription, have been added by friends of the family. In the library stands his old leather-covered arm-chair. At last we reluctantly left this interesting spot for the long ride home. Daylight lasted just long enough for us to see in passing, the battle-field in Lexington, and the old tavern built in 1690, which stands opposite. At half past seven we reached the college buildings, and all agreed in saying that we had spent a most delightful day in spite of the unfavorable weather.

* * *

For three successive banquets held by her table companions,
Iphigenia the priestess absented herself from their presence.
Grief for her lack of affection filled the hearts of the maidens.
Next time, however, she came, and balm to their wounds was her smiling;
Till again she went from their side, leaving this and a smile for their comfort,—
"The joys and delights of the banquet lie not in the company round us."
Grief turned then into wrath; "Revenge" was the cry of the maidens.
One of their number rose up, in looks and in action deceptive,
Simple and frank was her face, but her heart was skilled in devices,
While at her side was one who was always willing to aid her.
"Maidens!" she cried, "for our vengeance, alone this evening we'll leave her!
Food she shall have in abundance, but chairs her only companions;
Then she will see how false are the consolations she offered.
Our eyes from the feast-boards of neighbors will gloat o'er the scene of discomfort!"
Great was the glee of the maidens, wild was their anticipation,
But one of the number was silent, faint-hearted, too gentle for daring,
Yet, feeble though her accents, they succeeded in winning her over.

Cunning their arts and devices, hospitality governed their neighbors;
Needed they not to beseech, invitations were *offered* by wholesale.
Then they went off to their dwellings and quiet reigned throughout Aulis.

Late in the afternoon as the sun was withdrawing in splendor,
Entered a baleful shadow to threaten the planning for vengeance.
"Diana feasts with us daily. Dare we who are her attendants
Fail to bring in the nectar?"—"We dare not!" answered the maidens,
"Part in the scheming we'll give her. She'll take it?"
—Trembled the maidens.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

Iphigenia that evening was surrounded by all her companions.

Betrayed is the scheme and its ending and Iphigenia is gleeful.
Smarting the wounds of the maidens,—"The scheme has *not* had its ending!
One joy at least we will claim, *we'll scare her!*" they vowed with decision.
"The gods hold their council this evening; Olympus then claims Diana,
Iphigenia *alone* will find no need of attendants.
Late to the banquet we'll come, she will think the plan is repeated!"

* * * *

First in the records of ages the council was early disbanded.
Diana and Iphigenia feasted with all their attendants.

["Iphigenia acted as priestess of Diana until her death."—*American Encyclopedia*, Vol. IX, p. 343.]

* * *

THE second round in singles in the Tennis Tournament resulted as follows:

Miss Parker defeated Miss Carter, 3–6, 6–3, 6–4
" Boltwood " " Hollander, 6–3, 4–6, 6–0
" Bailey " " Blakeslee, 6–1, 6–4
" Wilkinson " " Wing, by default.

The third round in singles resulted as follows:

Miss Wilkinson defeated Miss Boltwood, 6–4, 6–4
" Bailey " " Parker, 6--2, 6--2

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Catherine Pedrick, '89, and Miss Crouch, '84, were in Wellesley last week. Miss Soule spent a flying Sunday with her friends at the Freeman.

Miss M. E. B. Roberts and a party of Seniors spent last Sunday at Marblehead. In spite of the lateness of the season they found the sea-shore delightful, and recommend it as a sure cure for weariness.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 16, an august reception was held in the parlor. The Faculty gave it, themselves to themselves. No authorized reporter was present but we will venture to say that the affair was most delightful.

'92 finished elections Saturday evening. The result was:

Miss Ermina Ferris,	Vice-president
Miss Eleanor Green,	Recording Secretary
Miss Helen Stilwell,	Corresponding Secretary
Miss Margaret Hardon,	Treasurer
Miss Cornelia Green, Miss Candace Stimson,	Historians
Miss Gertrude Spalding, Miss Alice Emerson, Miss Flora Randolph,	Executive Committee
Miss Jennie Furber, Miss Clara Belfield,	Factotums

Not very long ago, an enterprising party of three, planned a row down the Charles. For the sake of variety, they attempted the light task of starting from Lake Waban and getting the boat and themselves to the river as best they could. They anticipated some work but thought that science and skill of which they had an abundance would carry them through. They lifted the boat over the dam and began their labors. A marsh has a great deal of water, if you try to walk across it, but if you try to row, it is a dry desert. The methods these people used to propel the boat were ingenious; but, alas! although the forces were many, the resultant was hardly what was wished. Finally, after a protracted struggle with the intricate windings of the stream, the obdurate boat, ungenerous spiders, and too friendly burrs, the weary company glided out upon the smooth waters of the noble Charles. But the day is spent, no time for rowing now, only time to leave the boat to the tender mercies of Mr. Cheney and to walk back to the college. As a result of the experience they concluded that the water connection between Lake Waban and the Charles was impracticable, even under the guidance of a distinguished member of the Faculty.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

The following is a continuation of the list of new positions. Two corrections should be made in last week's column; the name Bertha Davis '84, should be Bertha Denis and Miss E. H. Gregory '86, is teaching in Miss North's School.

Mary E. Gray, Assistant in High School, Milford, N. H.

Mabel C. Hawes, Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass.

Julia A. Haynes, High School, Jackson, Mich.

Florence D. Hoffman, Mrs. Sheldon's School, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Emma K. Hicks, B. A., '89, Academy, Norwich, N. Y.

Florence Hughes, B. S., '87, Miss Clarke's School, Des Moines, Iowa.

Bertha E. Jones, School of Art '89, Normal School, Cortland, N. Y.

Emma R. Jack, Hazleton, Pa.

Clara M. Keefe, B. A., '88, Riverside School, Auburndale, Mass.

Mary L. Knowlton, B. A., '88, Assistant in High School, Randolph, Vt.

Orpha E. Leavitt, Downer College, Fox Lake, Wis.

Emily H. Leonard, Nassau Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bessie R. Macky, B. A., '89, School near Media, Pa.

(*To be continued.*)

BORN.

At Watertown, N. Y., Sept. 11, a second daughter to Mrs. Alice Taggart Sherman, student at Wellesley, '80–81.

At Scranton, Pa., Oct. 20, a son, Charles Broadwell, to Mrs. Anna Broadwell Davidson, '86.

MARRIED.

Hussey–Gregg—At Nashua, N. H., Oct. 8, Margie L. Gregg, student at Wellesley, '84-'87 and Oren S. Hussey.

Ely–Driggs.—At East Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 10, Florence N. Driggs, student at Wellesley '82-'85, and Newell W. Ely.

Swallow–Peloubet.—At Natick, Mass., Oct. 17, Ernestine May Peloubet, student at Dana Hall '85-'88, and George Alpheus Swallow.

Nellis–Meddick.—At Ovid, N. Y., Oct. 22, Mary E. Meddick, '84, and Dr. Alexander Nellis, Jr.

Ives–Frost.—At New Haven, Ct., Oct. 23, Pauline Frost, student at Dana Hall '85-87, and Archibald Ward Ives.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

SETH LOW has been elected to the presidency of Columbia.

A NEW edition of the Yale song book has just been published.

ONE hundred and seventy-one Americans attended the University of Berlin last year.

HARVARD, Yale, Princeton,and Columbia have made arrangements for holding entrance examinations in Paris.

DURING the last year the sum total of educational gifts in this country was $5,000,000.

THE board of trustees at Cornell have decided to raise the tuition for next year from $75 to $125.

MILITARY science is made a part of the regular curriculum in Minnesota University, and is compulsory for the Freshman class.

A SEVENTY-FIVE dollar volume on Astronomy has just been given to Bowdoin; also $1,000, the income of which will be annually given to the best scholar in English Literature and original English Composition.

THE Oxford-Cambridge chess match was won by the former, seven games to three. This annual contest was instituted in 1873, and Cambridge is now four matches and ten games ahead.

THREE members of the Sophomore class at Yale were recently brought before the Faculty for hazing, but were released in compliance with a petition, signed by four hundred Sophomores and Freshmen.

THE corner-stone of the new Alpha Delta Phi stone lodge-house, Amherst, was laid by Prof. E. Hitchcock, '49, at midnight last Friday. A leaden box, containing papers of interest to the Chapter, was placed in the corner-stone, during the singing of fraternity songs. Many alumni were present. After the ceremonies ten Freshmen were initiated, and a banquet followed.

A PRESS club has been formed at Amherst, whose members are correspondents of the leading daily papers of Boston and New York. It aims to obtain and furnish to the press the earliest and most accurate information on college topics, The Faculty are in sympathy with the project, and will inform the club of all official transactions which may have public interest.

DARTMOUTH is having more trouble with its students. Owing to the expulsion of a member of the Junior class for an offence which it had been proved he had not committed, 31 out of the 48 members of the class asked to be dismissed from college. The faculty say that everything will be done according to justice, but that they intend to maintain their right to administer the affairs of the college.

OUR OUTLOOK.

Edison employs two hundred women on the more delicate portions of his machines.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards L. L. D. will give sixty lectures in America. She has had applications for over three hundred.

Mrs. J. C. Cochran has invented a wonderful dish-washing machine. In twenty minutes dishes used by one hundred guests can be washed, dried, and polished, all without wetting the hands.

The seventeenth annual session of the Woman's Congress met at Denver, Col., Oct. 8. There were about fifty delegates present, representing almost every section of the United States.

A Congregational church in No. Dakota, composed of three women, has raised over fifty-three dollars for home missions, besides giving to other objects.

Mrs. Schliemann is a Greek lady. She was the best student in her class at the Arsakion—the great school for women in Athens—when Dr. Schliemann met her. She is much younger than her husband but as fond of Greek as he, and knows the Iliad by heart.

The London university degrees were thrown open to women ten years ago, and now there are seven M. As, one hundred and forty-seven B. As., two D. Scs., twenty-one B. Scs., and eight women holding medical or surgical degrees. The number who graduated during last year alone was thirty-two. At Cambridge there were forty-two. The total for the year at Dublin, Victoria, London, Oxford and Cambridge was one hundred and nine.

The state has reason to congratulate herself on the recent appointment to the board of education of Mrs. Palmer of Cambridge. It is one of the happiest and most fitting selections that has ever been made for any position in the commonwealth, and it is very fortunate that Mrs. Palmer has seen her way clearly to accept. A young woman, she has achieved a splendid record and, although the youngest member of the board, and probably the most youthful who has ever occupied such a position, she brings more practical knowledge than that of any other member. Her work will not be that of a theorist, experience has taught her the needs of the schools, and she will labor to fill the needs, and to bring the school systems of the state upon a higher, and at the same time, a more practical basis than they ever have been on before. She is too modest to know herself what her appointment means, but those who have watched her course understand it, and they know, too, that the fine conscience which controls all her efforts will permit her to do only the best work, and advance only the best interests of education.—*The Sunday Herald.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

THE following is the Menu of a red and ècru "W" dinner given by some of Wellesley's daughters, three of whom are having their first experiences in the culinary department. The entire repast was prepared by the four cooks, who offer a copy of the '89 "Legenda" to any one who will send a correct interpretation of the card before Nov. 15. Answers may be sent to Waban Cottage.

What?

Water Waifs.

Warm Waves.

White Whale.

Wayside Wanderer.

Whole Whoppers. White Weed.

Whispers of Wisdom.

Winged Wonder.

Woman's Weakness. Wackied Whims.

White Whips. Wibbly Wobbly.

Wedding Wheat.

Whey. Wafers. Wily Whifs.

Winter's Wealth.

A GENTLEMAN, having discovered his youthful son seated in a most peculiar position in the yard, inquired what he was doing there. "Teacher said I must write a composition on the pump," was the satisfactory reply.

Scene in Latin School:

TEACHER: What English words are derived from "*luna*?" (Various words are given and finally "lunatic.") Ah, yes. But why should a lunatic be named from the word meaning moon?

BRIGHT LITTLE MAIDEN: Because they're both *way off*, I suppose.

EVIDENTLY our American barbers are not to be outdone by their Japanese brothers. Word comes to us of a barber's sign in a Western town which reads, "Hair cut while you wait."

Spirit of '93 (?)

A MEMBER of our youngest class was seated next to one of the class of '90 when the fringe of the latter's shawl was very thoughtlessly allowed to touch her neighbor. Tossing it off with a haughty expression, our Freshman exclaimed, "Oh, don't *infringe*!"

SMALL BOY, *much impressed with the learning and dignity of our editor-in-chief*: Say why don't you come back next year as a *post-mortem* student? If this is at all premonitory of a sad fate awaiting our paper, the announcement of the door-girl was more appropriate than it seemed, when she said: "Here is the man who comes for *prescriptions* for the PRELUDE."

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Contemporary Review for Oct. offers to the political taste a discussion, from a strictly British point of view, of "The Triple Alliance and Italy's Place in it" and also an able article on "The American State Legislatures."—Justin McCarthy, too, presses "The Irish University Question" as supplying in itself "one of the most conclusive arguments it is possible to imagine in favor of the principle of Home Rule for Ireland."—The naval and military interests of her Majesty's dominion are represented respectively by Col. Maurice, who concludes from a review of "Two Years of Naval Manœuvres" that England, though possessing "the finest fleet in the world" has not yet one "sufficient for her needs," and by Capt. Sinclair, who, under the suggestive title "Is A Soldier's Life Worth Saving?" protests against superfluous routine.—Religion gets a hearing through Principal Miller, who answers an earlier article by Mr. Meredith Townsend on the missionary cause. Both writers agree that the churches "in trying to obtain missionaries at the lowest possible figure" practice an expensive economy, but Principal Miller puts a much higher value on mission education in India than does Mr. Meredith.—For philosophy, W. S. Lilly, who attacked last May Mr. Herbert Spencer's primary doctrines, of Causation, of the Relativity of Knowledge and of the Unknowable, returns to the charge, this time assailing Mr. Spencer's philosophy of ethics.—The literary appetite must content itself this month with two rather light dishes, an airy review by Austin Dobson of Aitken's faithful and laborious "Life of Steele" and a study of very familiar flavor upon Shakspeare's "Small Latin and Less Greek."—The striking article of the number is James Runciman's rude-spoken, impassioned outpouring on "The Ethics of the Drink Question." With rough, heart-stirring eloquence he urges the powerlessness of statistics and abstractions to rescue the drunkard. "Before me passes a tremendous procession of the lost. * * * I gathered the dolorous recruits who form the procession when I was dwelling in strange, darkened ways, and I know that only the magnetism of the human soul could ever have saved one of them."

The Gardener's Chronicle Sept. 21—The Alpine Botanic Garden recently opened in the Alps of Valias at an altitude of 5600 ft. is described and illustrated. The Association for the Protection of Plants design to cultivate there flowers from the mountain summits of the world.

The Dahlia show at the Crystal Palace celebrates the Centennial of its introduction from Mexico into England. The Chrysanthemum was also introduced from Japan in 1789.

Garden and Forest Oct. 9.—"Spare the Wild Flowers" is the leading editorial, followed by a plea for the preservation of the forests of Mt. Desert, showing the stand taken by the journal on the forestry question.—A note on Odontoglossum Hunnewellianum, a new and handsome orchid from Bogota, dedicated by the English importers to H. H. Hunnewell, Esq., Wellesley, calls our attention to the fact that the beautiful gardens across the lake and their worthy founder have a reputation over the sea.

Popular Science Monthly.—A Sketch of Carolus Linnæus with his portrait will be of interest to botanists.

BOOK-REVIEWS.

The Problem of the Northmen. A letter to Judge Daly, President of the American Geographical Society. By Eben Norton Horsford. Cambridge: University Press. Professor Horsford has recently presented to the Faculty Parlor a copy of his letter to Judge Daly on *The Problem of the Northmen.* The letter was called forth by two paragraphs in the chapter on "Pre columbian Explorations" in Vol. I. of the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, in which Justin Winsor accuses Professor Horsford of "the most incautious linguistic inferences, and the most uncritical cartographical perversions," in his *Discovery of America by Northmen*, and by another statement of Mr. Winsor's that, "though Scandinavians may have reached the shores of Labrador, the soil of the United States has not one vestige of their presence." In answer to the last statement, Professor Horsford says: "As to the fitness of Labrador, a region of rocky desolation, ice-bound for more than half the year, to be the Vinland of the Northmen, where according to the Sagas cattle did not need to be housed in winter, where grapes abounded and corn grew spontaneously,—a land of forests and meadows,—there is among students of geography no difference of opinion. Let us hear an Icelandic authority on Vinland, referred to and cited in *The History of the United States.* 'Now it is to be told what lies opposite Greenland. There are such hard frosts there that it is not habitable, so far as is known. South of Greenland is Helluland; next is Markland, from thence it is not far to Vinland the Good.'" In answer to the more personal charges against himself and his methods, Professor Horsford enumerates some of the most important results of his method of geographical research. We can give only a few of these here: —geographical names of Norse derivation, on numerous maps, ancient and modern, in Icelandic, Algonquin, Portuguese, Spanish, French, Dutch, Italian, and English garb, strewn from Vineyard Sound, in latitude 41°, throughout the territory reaching to and including the St. Lawrence; the finding of the land of the Bretons of the 15th and 16th centuries in the 43d degree; the Landfall of John Cabot 1497 in 42° 38′; the identity of Cape Cod with the Florida of Verrazano and Thevet; the identity of the Kjölr-nes of the Northmen of 1003 with the Cape Cod of Gosnold, 1602; the meaning of the Indian names of Boston; the identity of the Isthmus of Verrazano separating the Atlantic from the western ocean, with the neck of the Peninsula of Cape Cod near Barnstable; the identity of the New-found-land of John Cabot with islands facing Massachusetts Bay; the discovery of the Fort of Norumbega; the explanation of why the coast between Cape Cod and the neighborhood of St. Augustine so long remained practically undiscovered; the Landfall of Leif on the end of Cape Cod which was an island down to some time in the 17th century; and the discovery of the remains of Leif's houses. In regard to the discovery of Fort Norumbega, Professor Horsford says: "The site of Norumbega was first found in the literature of the subject, and when I had eliminated every doubt of the locality that I could find, I drove with a friend through a region I had never before visited, of the topography of which I knew nothing, nine miles away directly to the remains of the Fort." Professor Horsford believes he has found the remains of Leif's houses in Cambridge where the ancient Bank Lane crosses the rivulet draining the eastern slope of Mt. Auburn into the Charles. In the last part of the letter, Professor Horsford gives his reasons for believing that the remains, which he discovered on the banks of the Charles at the mouth of Stony Brook, are Fort Norumbega, and not, as Mr. Winsor claims, "an early effort to lay out and fortify the future town of Boston." The pictures and charts of the sites in question add to the interest of the work, and enable the reader to follow more intelligently the line of proof.

BOOKS RECEIVED IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY SINCE SEPT. 17.

The following books of the Cambridge Bible:

Joshua. G. T. Maclear.
Judges. J. J. Lias.
Samuel. I. and II. A. T. Kirkpatrick.
Kings I. and II. J. R. Lumby.
Job. A. B. Davidson.
Ecclesiastes. E. H. Plumptre.
Jeremiah; Lamentations. A. W. Streane.
Hosea. T. K. Cheyne.
Obadiah; Jonah. T T. Perrowne.
Micah. T. K. Cheyne.
Haggai; Zechariah. T. T. Perrowne.
Matthew. A. Carr.
Luke. F. W. Farrar.
Mark. G. F. Maclear.
John. A. Plummer.
Acts. J. R. Lumby.
Romans. H. C. G. Moule.
Corinthians I. and II. J. J. Lias.
Ephesians. H. C. G. Moule.
Philippians I. and. II. H. C. G. Moule.
Hebrews. F. W. Farrar.
Epistle of James. E. H. Plumptre.
Epistles of John. A. Plummer.
Epistles of Peter and Jude. E. H. Plumptre.
Study of Spinoza. 2d edition. By James Martineau.
Modern Theories of Chemistry. By Lothar Meyer.
Watteau. By J. W. Mollett.
Luca della Robbia. By Leader Scott.
Old Testament Prophecy. By C. von Orelli.
Description of Greece I. and II. Pausanias. Translated by Shilleto.
Painting, Spanish and French. By G. W. Smith.
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